1927

Memorial and Peace Day

Illinois - 1927

ILLINOIS HISTORY AND
LINCOLN COLLECTIONS

Memorial *and* Peace Day

May Thirtieth

1927

Circular No. 216

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To Teachers North and South:

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." That divine pronouncement, uttered thousands of years ago, has an especial meaning to the citizens of the United States. This Republic, organized out of the original colonies and acquired territories into a great nation of forty-eight states, can not exist without a brotherly understanding and a brotherly regard and respect among its people.

The question of slavery gave the nation its greatest test of unity. Lincoln's statement, "It has long been a great question whether any nation not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in the face of great emergencies", had its answer. On the battlefield of Gettysburg, it was shown that the nation was strong enough to maintain its unity in the face of one of the greatest emergencies that any civil government has ever encountered. It was a conflict between free thinking, independent peoples north and south. The bitterness of the long struggle was greatly deepened by the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. It was inevitable that these sectional hatreds would persist for a time and that the Union which was preserved would be a union of constitution and laws super-imposed upon a lingering division in sentiment. The succeeding years, however, have wrought mightily towards a spiritual reapproachment between the north and south. Church and social organizations which had been broken into northern and southern divisions have been making overtures and moving towards a new ground of union.

As a symbol of this spiritual reunion of the people of the north and the people of the south, I am giving prominence in this Memorial Day Circular to the meeting of General Vance, the commander of the Confederate Veterans Association, and Captain Inman, the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. To be sure, it was not a direct coming together of the Confederate and Union veterans. These two honored representatives of the soldiers of the north and the south came to a reunion of the Legion. The fact, however, that at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln these two commanders clasped hands and spoke words of good will and of national unity and nation-wide brotherhood, is an indication of how well the wound of the civil war has healed.

The teachers of the north and the south will have a great opportunity in the next twenty-five years in helping to make America a place where we can dwell together as brethren in peace and unity.

F. J. Blair

Superintendent.

E. pluribus unum.

—Underwood and Underwood.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women. If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

[WALT WHITMAN.]

Great is the American spirit and great is the man who can put it into words and interpret it to us. The late Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, has fittingly expressed it and the words which he uttered in a commencement address at Brown University in 1916 are reprinted here.*

Franklin K. Lane's Interpretation.

Spirit—What is the American spirit? Is it love of adventure? Two years ago Congress authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska—five hundred miles straight away from the sea to the Circle. We needed a thousand men, and within sixty days thirty-three thousand had made petition that they might take the hazards of that new country;—not idlers, the flotsam of the sea of civilization—but men of steady habit, employed already but ready for a new adventure. There's something American about that.

There is no sense in saying that the spirit has gone out of a people when Uncle Sam as a landed proprietor is selling twelve million acres of desert every year to people who earn it by living on it and turning it into farms. A few weeks ago we opened a tract of land in northern Montana where the thermometer falls to forty below zero sometimes. There were twelve hundred farms to be sold, and there were twenty-seven thousand applicants. Out of the first hundred and fifty names drawn from the box not one failed to go into the wilderness and make a home and take the challenge. There's something American about that.

National spirit and martial spirit are not the same. There was a time when war was all of romance and of gallantry and of opportunity that the world offered. That time has gone. War now at its best is but one expression of the human passion for adventure and achievement.

The spirit of America is against war, not because we have grown cowardly and fear death, nor because we have grown flabby and love softness; no, not even because we have become conscious converts to the Prince of Peace. But we in America have something large to do. We are discovering our country. Every tree is a challenge to us, and every pool of water and every foot of soil. The mountains are our enemies. We must pierce them and make them serve. The wilful rivers we must curb; and out of the seas and the air renew the life of the earth itself. We have no time for war. We are doing something so much more important. We are at work. That is the greatest of all adventures. When war comes to a Democracy, it comes because men are not allowed peacefully to work.

What would we fight for? For what Roger Williams fought—to be let alone, to have the opportunity to show what man can do for man.

A spirit is intangible. It defies definition or limitation. It can only be made comprehensible by acts. So let me illustrate my idea of the spirit of America by naming two men—both Californians—Theodore Judah and Herbert Hoover.

All have heard of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Croker, the builders of the Central Pacific railroad. The real builder of that road was a young Connecticut engineer named Judah. He had the vision, he made the surveys. He found the way across the mountains. Then he found Stanford, the grocer, and Huntington, the hardware man, and told his dream and showed his plans. They caught fire. Judah convinced them that Congress

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could be made to supply the money. He came to Washington, became the clerk of the House Committee on Pacific Railroads, then the clerk of the Senate Committee, wrote both reports; the bill was passed, and going home in triumph he died upon the Isthmus of Panama. The spirit of young Judah has been the making of America.

The next man I name to you is Herbert Hoover, mining engineer—Hoover of California, Hoover of Siberia, Hoover of Russia, Hoover of England, Hoover of Belgium, Hoover of the world, the head of the Belgian Relief Committee. That young man comes to this country unnoticed and leaves unnoticed. But his administrative mind has made possible the feeding of a nation. He has organized the financial system for Belgium. This young man is only a mining engineer from Stanford University who has drifted all around the world, and when the war broke out was living in England, managing great industrial and mining properties in the Ural Mountains, India, and the United States. A hundred thousand men were at work for him, and all the genius that he has was at once put to work to succor the unfortunate Belgians. I never will forget the simple way in which he told me of his adventure in going to France and asking for help. He went to the Premier and said: "I have got to have some money for the relief of the Belgians and the invaded areas of France," and the Premier said: "But we have a war ourselves, we have destitute people of our own. Truly the Germans are in duty bound to support the people they invade! How much do you think you should have from us?" And I said, "Well, I think we should have twenty-two million francs a month from you until the war is over." And the Premier said, "Oh, my, we have not the money, but I will see the banks, I will see what can be done." And I went back to London with my heart sick. But the next day there came a letter, saying, "Dear Mr. Hoover, please find order for twenty-two million francs. I beg you will acknowledge it," signed by the Premier of France. And each month the same check has come, and no question has ever been asked as to how it was spent.

He said to me with a glow: "Do not believe that the American flag is not respected abroad. If anyone ever tells you that tell him to go to Brussels and stand in front of the United States legation and see the Belgian as he passes take off his hat to the Stars and Stripes; no English flag, no French flag, no Russian flag, no Spanish flag, no Japanese flag, no Chinese flag, but the Stars and Stripes, which never has been hauled down in Belgium; and from sunrise in the morning until sunset at night the Belgian peasants and Belgian artisans pass that house and as each passes takes his hat off to that flag."

Judah—the incarnation of the spirit of the American ambition to make hard places easy. Hoover—the incarnation of the spirit of American desire to help the world. Let us stand beside the Belgian peasant before that flag in Brussels and take heart.

LET WAR'S TEMPESTS CEASE.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.]

Lord, let war's tempests cease,
Fold the whole world in peace
Under Thy wings.
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings.

Washington Monument.

Miss Annie Louise Keller.

HOUSE RESOLUTION NO. 54.

WHEREAS, Miss Annie Louise Keller, of White Hall, Illinois, gave her life on April 19, 1927, in protecting the lives of eighteen little boys and girls of the Centreville School, near Carrollton, Illinois, who were in her custody when that school was struck and demolished by a tornado; and

WHEREAS, Such high sense of duty and valor deserves a lasting memorial in the hearts of all men and women; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth General Assembly of the State of Illinois. That we pay homage to the beautiful character and marvelous heroism of Miss Annie Louise Keller; and, be it further

Resolved, That this preamble and resolution be spread on the Journal of the House; that a suitably engrossed copy thereof be forwarded to the family; and, as a further mark of respect to her memory, that the House do now adjourn.

SENATE RESOLUTION NO. 42.

WHEREAS, We are reminded occasionally that acts of real heroism are performed by people in the more humble walks of life, acts that deserve honor and commemoration, which act of heroism was performed by Miss Annie Louise Keller of White Hall on the 19th instant during the recent storm and the lives of eighteen children saved and her own life sacrificed;

WHEREAS, Such act of heroism is called to our attention by an item which appears in the daily press and commented upon editorially therein; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Illinois State Senate in honor of the heroic act and self-sacrificing deed by this school teacher and as a silent tribute to her memory stand; be it further

Resolved, That a suitable copy of this resolution be sent to her near relatives and that the same be spread at large on the records of the State Senate, and as additional tribute to her memory the Senate do now adjourn.

—Underwood and Underwood.

The National Capitol.

"We are for one country, one flag, and one language."

Meeting of the Commanders in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans as Guests of the Department of Illinois, American Legion, at Springfield, September 13, 1926—A Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

At the tomb Commander in Chief Inman spoke as follows:

Commander in Chief Vance, standing within the stilled presence of Abraham Lincoln, I am glad to meet and greet you, and it appears to me that we may meet here upon common grounds, for if the service of the American Legion meant anything it meant a full and complete unification of patriotic purpose with no North, no South, one country, one language, one flag! And as we shall go from this sacred spot let us all take with us into our daily lives renewed inspiration which shall mean added love for an undivided Nation.

Commander in Chief Vance made reply that he was glad to bring tidings of good will from his comrades of the South to the survivors of the Union Army of the North.

General Vance.

Not the least enjoyable or picturesque feature on the American Legion program was Gen. M. D. Vance, of Little Rock, Ark., commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans. The aged soldier made a fine impression with his jovial manner, his adaptable personality, his ready wit, and his thoroughgoing loyalty. It was a great pleasure for Springfield to entertain him. We wish there had been fewer distractions that we might have given him our whole time and attention. General Vance seemed at home just the same and doubtless carries away many joyful memories, just as we retain the happy recollection of his visit to the home of Lincoln.

The interchange of amenities between Capt. J. B. Inman, of this city, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and General Vance, national commander of the United Confederate Veterans, was of more than local significance.—(Editorial, *Illinois State Journal*, September 14, 1926.)

"One Country; One Flag."

History has been made by the Legion convention which adjourned to-day after most colorful and interesting sessions and ceremony. Its bringing together of Civil War veterans, Spanish-American War veterans, and World War veterans made it a most remarkable gathering, climaxed by the dramatic meeting of Capt. J. B. Inman, Springfield, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; Gen. M. D. Vance, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and Hon. Scott W. Lucas, commander of the American Legion for the Department of Illinois. When those three clasped hands last night before the Rotary and Optimist Clubs and joined in saying: "We are for one country, one flag, and one language," a dramatic situation was presented which gave the great audience of business and professional men present a thrill they will never forget. It was America at its best.

That expresses the ideal which, according to the able and eloquent Commander Lucas, is fundamental to the organization of the Legion—"One country; one flag; one language."

Every reader should find inspiration in this picture and its American idealism. It has made history.—(Editorial, *Illinois State Register*, September 14, 1926.)

The Commanders of the G. A. R., the Confederate Veterans, the American Legion.

COMPARE THESE TWO LINCOLN LETTERS.

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

WASHINGTON, *Nov. 21, 1864.*

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.,

DEAR MADAM:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

WASHINGTON, *December 23, 1862.*

DEAR FANNY:

It is with deep grief that I learn of the death of your kind and brave father; and, especially, that it is affecting your young heart beyond what is common in such cases. In this sad world of ours, sorrow comes to all; and to the young, it comes with bitterest agony, because it takes them unawares. The older have learned to ever expect it. I am anxious to afford some alleviation of your present distress. Perfect relief is not possible, except with time. You cannot now realize that you will ever feel better. Is not this so? And yet it is a mistake. You are sure to be happy again. To know this, which is certainly true, will make you some less miserable now. I have had experience enough to know what I say; and you need only to believe it, to feel better at once. The memory of your dear father, instead of an agony, will yet be a sad sweet feeling in your heart, of a purer and holier sort than you have known before. Please present my kind regards to your afflicted mother.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

NOTE: This letter was written to Miss Fanny McCullough, daughter of Col. Wm. McCullough, Bloomington, Ills.

—Underwood and Underwood.

A monument to the Soldiers and Sailors of the World War.

MY PATRIOTIC CREED.

I believe
In my country and her destiny,
In the great dream of her founders,
In her place among the nations,
In her ideals.
I believe
That her democracy must be protected,
Her privileges cherished,
Her freedom defended.
I believe
That, humbly before the Almighty,
But proudly before all mankind,
We must safeguard her standard,
The vision of her Washington,
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,
With the patriotic ardor
Of the minutemen
And the boys in blue
Of her glorious past.
I believe
In loyalty to my country,
Firm, unchanging, absolute.
Thou in whose sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday
And as a watch in the night,
Help me
In my weakness
To make real
What I believe.

—*New York Times.*

THEY FOUGHT FOR YOU.

[Minnie E. Hayes.]

Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you.
Soldiers of fortune,
With Fortune's hands bring
Field flowers and home flowers—
A glad offering
For those who on battlefields
Suffered and bled,
Honor the soldiers,
Living or dead.
Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you!

—Underwood and Underwood.

Parade of the First Division.

NO RED—WITHOUT THE WHITE AND BLUE.

[Prin. Ernest E. Cole, Agassiz School, Chicago.]

There's no other land like my land,
Beneath the shining sun;
There's no other flag like my flag,
In all the world—not one;
One land, one tongue, and one people,
To one flag loyal, true—
No red shall wave o'er my fair land
Without the white and blue.

There's grandeur in my land's mountains,
Contentment in her vales:
There's wealth in her broad prairies,
There's freedom in her gales.
In my land all men are equal,
Her flag proclaims it, too—
No red shall wave o'er my fair land
Without the white and blue.

There's majesty in Old Glory,
Hope in each stripe and star;
It heralds freedom, liberty,
To nations, near and far;
Unsullied and triumphant,
Glorified, she floats anew—
No red shall wave o'er my fair land
Without the white and blue.

VICARIOUS PARENTHOOD.

[Josephine M. Fabricant.]

Say not that we are childless though we call
No maiden daughter nor young manhood son.
A thousand lives and more have touched our own
In fellowship as sweet as that of home.
The precious substance of a human life
Into our care is given to shape, to mould
Like that fair model of the Father-Mind
Who looked upon His work and called it good.
More potent than the personal ties of blood
Is that unselfish love enfolding all,
So rich in giving though it harvests not
The fields of golden grain that it has sown.

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—Underwood and Underwood.

Soldiers and Sailors Monument, Riverside Drive, N. Y.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE A SOLDIER GREAT.

[Edgar A. Guest.]

The things that make a soldier great and send him out to die,
To face the flaming cannon's mouth nor ever question why,
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red,
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,
The grass plot where his children play, the roses on the wall:
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fighting for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make a soldier brave;
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may wave;
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on the foam
As when behind the cause they see the little place called home.
Endanger but that humble street whereon his children run,
You make a soldier of the man who never bore a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant soldier sees?
The little garden far away, the budding apple trees,
The little patch of ground back there, the children at their play,
Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church of gray.
The golden thread of courage isn't linked to castle dome
But to the spot, where'er it be—the humble spot called home.

And now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely there
And homesick soldiers far away know spring is in the air;
The tulips come to bloom again, the grass once more is green,
And every man can see the spot where all his joys have been.
He sees his children smile at him, he hears the bugle call,
And only death can stop him now—he's fighting for them all.

THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE.

[William Collins.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—Underwood and Underwood.

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY.

[SELECTED.]

You ask me why, upon my breast,
  Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
  I wear the blue and gray.
I had two brothers long ago—
  Two brothers, blithe and gay;
One wore a suit of Northern blue,
  And one a suit of Southern gray.
One heard the roll call of the South,
  And linked his fate with Lee;
The other bore the Stars and Stripes,
  With Sherman to the sea.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
  And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
  And one by Georgia's strand.
But the same sun shines on both their graves,
  'Mid valley and o'er hill.
And this is why, upon my breast,
  Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
  I wear a knot of blue and gray.

COOLIDGE'S AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY.

A new vision has come to the nation, a vision that must never be obscured. It is for us to heed it, to follow it. It is a revelation but a revelation not of our weakness but of our strength, not of new principles, but of the power that lies in the application of old doctrines. May that vision never fade, may America, inspired by a great purpose, ever be able to say "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

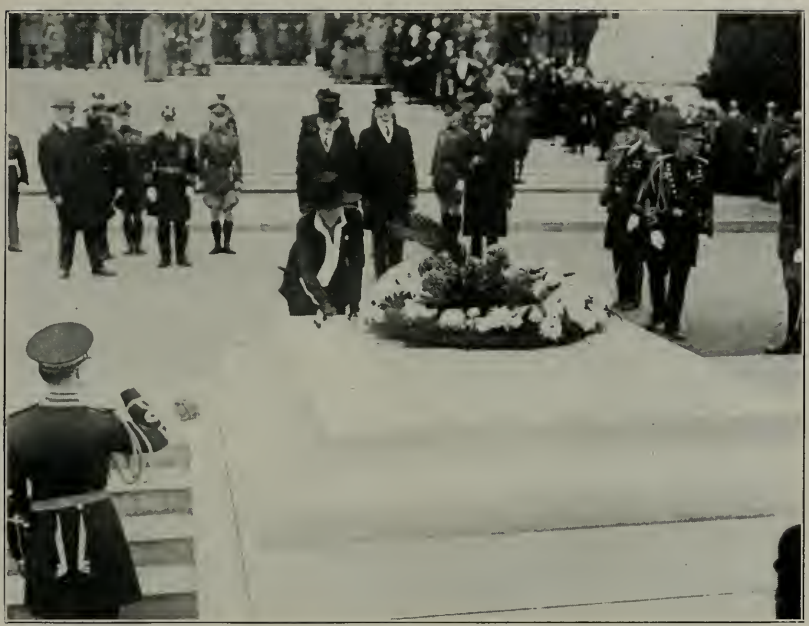
The nation with the greatest moral power will win. Of that are born armies and navies and the resolution to endure. Have faith in the moral power of America. It gave independence under Washington and freedom under Lincoln. Here, right never lost. Here, wrong never won. However powerful the forces of evil may appear, somewhere there are more powerful forces of righteousness. Courage and confidence are our heritage. Justice is our might.

The law of progress and civilization is not the law of the jungle. It is not an earthly law; it is a divine law. It does not mean the survival of the fittest, it means the sacrifice of the fittest. Any mother will give her life for her child. Men put women and children in the lifeboats before they themselves will leave the sinking ship. John Hampden and Nathan Hale did not survive, nor did Lincoln, but Benedict Arnold did. The example above all others takes us back to Jerusalem some nineteen hundred years ago.

—Underwood and Underwood.

NORTHERN SOLDIERS HONOR CONFEDERACY.

It has remained for the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic of Vineyard Haven, on Martha's Vinyard Island, off the south coast of Massachusetts, aided by the Women's Relief Corps and the American Legion, to include the Confederate dead with those of the North, in a monument to those who fell during the Civil War. A tablet at the base contains this inscription: "The Chasm is Closed. In Memory of the Restored Union, this tablet is dedicated by veterans of Henry Wade Post, 201, G. A. R., in memory of Confederate Soldiers."



—Underwood and Underwood.

Mrs. Coolidge, the "First Lady" places a single white rose on the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, thus marking the sixth anniversary of the signing of the armistice which ended the world war.

Col. John M. Snyder.

G. A. R. FOUNDED IN SPRINGFIELD IN 1866, HISTORY SHOWS.

Col. John M. Snyder, Canton, past commander of the department of Illinois of the G. A. R. and the only survivor of the first organization, furnishes this authentic history.

As the sixtieth encampment is meeting in the birthplace of the organization, credit should be given Springfield in history, says Colonel Snyder.

Maj. Robert M. Woods, who was the first adjutant-general of the organization and who issued General Order No. 1, says:

"The present story, however, is to tell a little about a handful of survivors—old soldiers of Illinois—who were conspicuous in the earliest steps toward the establishment of this wonderful order, the greatest patriotic and fraternal society, founded on military comradeship, patriotism and honor, which the world has ever known.

The late Dr. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, a physician of Springfield, has the honorable distinction in Grand Army records of being the founder of the order. He was the first commander of the department of Illinois, and subsequently was commander in chief, when the organization had grown to great national importance. Dr. Stephenson died Aug. 30, 1871.

Rev. William J. Rutledge, a Methodist minister, who was chaplain of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and a tentmate and intimate friend of Dr. Stephenson, is credited in some historic documents with having shared honors with the latter in creating the ideas that led to the formation and success of the Grand Army of the Republic."

Established in 1866.

"Many conflicting statements concerning the origin of the Grand Army have been made in so-called histories and encyclopedias," said Maj. Robert M. Woods, first adjutant-general of the order, who now resides at Joliet, "I am perfectly willing to give the facts in the matter, so far as I am conversant with them.

"The military order of the Grand Army of the Republic was established at Springfield, Ill., April 1, 1866. The first order ever issued was the following:

> "GENERAL ORDER NO. 1. Headquarters department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, adjutant-general's office, Springfield, Ill., April 1, 1866.—The following named officers are hereby announced on duty at these headquarters: Col. Jules C. Webber, aide de camp and chief of staff; Maj. Robert M. Woods, adjutant-general; Col. John M. Snyder, quartermaster-general; Lieut. John S. Phelps, aide de camp; Capt. John A. Lightfoot, assistant adjutant-general.
>
> By order of B. F. STEPHENSON,
> Commanding department.
> ROBERT M. WOODS,
> Adjutant-general.

BIRTH-PLACE of G.A.R
BORN APRIL 5th 1866

"Early in 1866, while I was engaged in the adjutant-general's office, preparing the histories of the Illinois regiments for the adjutant-general's reports, Dr. Stephenson sought my aid in shaping the new soldiers' society. The original ideas upon which the order was founded sprang from the brain of Dr. B. F. Stephenson, surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and to him belongs the credit of its creation. In elaborating his plans he was assisted by the staff."

Those named in General Beath's history were: Dr. B. F. Stephenson, Chaplain William J. Rutledge, Col. John M. Snyder, Dr. James Hamilton, Maj. Robert M. Woods, Maj. Robert Allen, Col. Martin Flood, Col. Daniel Grass, Col. Edward Prince, Capt. John S. Phelps, Capt. John A. Lightfoot, Col. B. F. Smith, Maj. A. A. North, Capt. Henry E. Howe and Col. B. F. Hawkes.

Only Two Now Living.

According to the best information in the possession of Major Woods, only two of those fifteen are now living, namely Colonel Snyder and himself. Some of those mentioned he does not recall at all. On the other hand, Major Woods states that among those who assisted in the early work and were consulted as to the formation of the order who still survive, were: Col. James H. Matheny, Maj. Edward S. Johnson, L. W. Rosette and Norman B. Ames, all of Springfield; Capt. G. S. Dana, now of St. Paul, Minn.; Capt. Christian Riebsame, Bloomington; Capt. M. F. Kanan and Private Isaac N. Coltrin, Decatur. He adds that Gen. Robert N. Pearson, Capt. Daniel W. Munn, Gen. Thomas O. Osborn, Maj. William Prescott, and William E. Winholz, now living in Chicago, were in Springfield in 1866, and gave assistance in the initial steps to organize the Grand Army.

There may have been others, and doubtless were, who participated in those conferences, but their names are not recalled by comrades now living. At any rate, the idea originally conceived by Dr. Stephenson rapidly expanded into the widest fields of conjecture as to such an organization of veterans and its capacity for good.

Colonel Snyder, now a resident of Canton, was quartermaster of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, and afterward of the One Hundred and First Illinois infantry. In 1863 he was aide de camp to Governor Yates, and in 1865 military secretary to Governor Oglesby, with the rank of colonel. Colonel Snyder organized the department of Minnesota, appointing Gen. John B. Sanborn commander. Then he came to Chicago and gave the order its first start in this city, organizing the district of Cook and posts No. 26 and 27.

Woods Wrote Charter.

Maj. Robert Mann Woods, in the early part of the war, was in the office of the quartermaster-general and that of Governor Yates. Subsequently he was adjutant of the Sixty-fourth Illinois Infantry, captain of Company A, and was brevetted major for gallantry in the field. He wrote the charter, prepared the blank forms and arranged a system of reports for posts, districts, departments and the national body. He

BIRTHPLACE OF
THE GRAND ARMY
OF THE
REPUBLIC
IN A SECOND FLOOR
ROOM ON THIS SPOT THE
GRAND ARMY OF THE
REPUBLIC WAS ORGANIZED
APRIL 6, 1866, BY DR.
BENJAMIN F. STEPHENSON
THIS TABLET IS PLACED BY
THE DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS,
WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS,
AUXILIARY TO THE GRAND ARMY
OF THE REPUBLIC
APRIL 8, 1915

furnished the money to pay for the necessary printing and to maintain the first headquarters and pay traveling expenses.

In March, 1866, at Springfield, a ritual for the proposed organization was discussed, Dr. Stephenson of course, taking the lead. When the ritual was at length deemed ready for printing Governor Oglesby suggested that, in order to preserve secrecy, the work be done at Decatur by the proprietors of the Decatur Tribune, Isaac N. Coltrin and Joseph Prior, both former soldiers. Capt. John S. Phelps proceeded to Decatur to arrange for the printing, to obligate the printers to secrecy, and to revise the proof sheets.

Members of the Forty-first Illinois Infantry and other regiments living in and near Decatur at once became interested in the movement. Captain Phelps sought their co-operation. Pending the printing of the ritual, Dr. J. W. Routh, Decatur, an intimate friend of Dr. Stephenson, and Capt. M. F. Kanan, a prominent citizen of the same place, hastened to Springfield to make a personal investigation of the matter, with the result that they determined at once to organize the first post at Decatur. This was accordingly done, April 6, 1866, Dr. Stephenson as commander of the department and Captain Phelps as aide de camp mustering twelve comrades as the charter members.

General Palmer Elected.

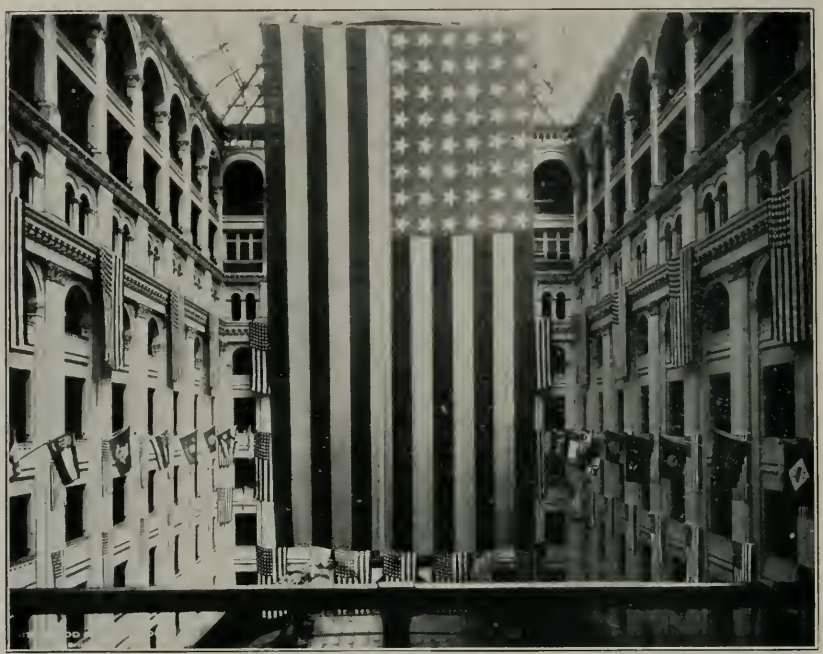
The first encampment of the department of Illinois was held in Springfield, July 12, 1866. It was presided over by Col. Walter B. Scates of Chicago. Gen. B. M. Prentiss and Gen. James M. True were vice presidents. Maj. Robert M. Woods was secretary, and Capt. Thomas M. Thompson and Fred H. Hall of Chicago assistant secretaries. Gen. John M. Palmer was elected department commander at this meeting. At the first national encampment, held at Indianapolis, Nov. 20, 1866, Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut of Illinois was elected commander in chief.

Thus the idea of the Grand Army took root and spread throughout the North. As Major Wood says: "The distinguishing features of the order, those which gave it precedence over all the various soldiers' societies which were organized soon after the war, and made its great success, were these:

"Its name—the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Its military form of organization, with commander, adjutant, chaplain, quartermaster, quartermaster sergeant, sergeant-major, officer of the day and guard. Its countersigns, passwords, salutes. Its method of approach and challenge of sentinels. Its abolishment of rank in army and navy. Its comradeship of private and officer on a common level.

"Its fraternity, charity and loyalty. Its obligation of help to every comrade and to the widows and children of all comrades."



—Underwood and Underwood.

NO HYPHEN IN MY HEART.

[JOSEPHINE M. FABRICANT.]

To these broad shores my fathers came
From lands beyond the sea;
They left their homes, they left their friends
To breathe an air more free.
To them an alien land it seemed
With customs strange and new,
But my heart knows just one dear flag,
The Red, the White, the Blue.

Columbia, to me you've been
A mother fond and true;
My heart's best love and loyal trust
I gladly offer you.
Let others sing of native lands
Far o'er the ocean's foam;
The spot where floats the Stars and Stripes
Shall ever be my home.

There is no Hyphen in my heart,
It can't be cut in two.
O flag of bars and silver stars,
I've given it all to you!

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ORIGINAL MINUTES.

Of a Meeting Held in Decatur, Illinois, When the First Post of the Grand Army of the Republic Was Organized.

At an informal meeting held April 6th, 1866, for the purpose of organizing an Encampment of the G. A. R., the following persons were mustered by MAJOR B. F. STEPHENSON, and constituted charter members:

I. C. Pugh,	G. H. Dunning,
Geo. R. Steele,	B. F. Sibley,
J. W. Routh,	M. F. Kanan,
Joseph Prior,	C. Riebsame,
J. A. Nale,	I. N. Coltrin,
J. T. Bishop,	Acquilla Toland.

When, upon motion, the Encampment entered into an election of officers, with the following result:

M. F. Kanan, Commander;
Geo. R. Steele, Adjutant;
G. H. Dunning, Quartermaster;
C. Riebsame, Officer of the Day;
J. T. Bishop, Officer of the Guard;
J. W. Routh, Surgeon.

All of whom were duly mustered by Major Stephenson; who then declared the Encampment duly organized and ready for the transaction of any and all business which might come before it, and assigned it to the post of honor as

DECATUR ENCAMPMENT NO. 1.

On motion, Captains Kanan and Dunning were appointed to secure suitable rooms for the Encampment.

On motion, Tuesday was agreed upon as the night for the regular meetings.

On motion, adjourned to meet April 10, 1866.

M. F. KANAN, *Post Commander.*

GEO. R. STEELE, *Post Adjutant.*

LINCOLN ROCK-COLUMBIA RIVER-
BETWEEN WENATCHEE AND LEAVENWORTH

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE GENTLEMAN.

[Ida M. Tarbell.]

But what of the inner man? What ought we to look for there? A gentleman, I take it, must have courage to respect himself—respect himself too much to cringe or to fawn. He must respect himself too much to use his power to make others cringe and fawn. Measure Abraham Lincoln by his self-respect, and few men outstrip him. He was humble before the great—but it was with the humility of the learner. When he was not much more than a jack-of-all trades in Illinois, the well-born Kentuckians and Virginians who led in the new country admitted him to their inner circle. Said to one another, "here is an unusual mind, a rare soul."

When he came to the White House the great men that he had called around him—Chase, Seward, Stanton—looked superciliously upon him; he was of pioneer blood and experience, he had not been to college, he did not know how to wear clothes, he had none of the conventional graces, manners, small talk. They thought to dominate him. But they did not know that this man was, according to somebody's fine phrase, "lord of himself." They had no power to budge him. Before they realized what was happening they found him dominating them, getting the best out of them, preventing their mistakes, or patching them up, once made. One by one they came—Seward and Stanton among the first—to say openly, "he is the best of us."

So do not imagine that he was unconscious of the covert sense of superiority in his associates. He was too observing, too understanding, too given to studying himself and comparing himself with others not to see the difference between his clothes and theirs, his awkward hands and body and their suave exteriors, his ignorance of the world and their easy familiarity.

He knew the power of these superficial differences, but he held so high the interior man that he would not allow himself to be set aside, rebuffed, weakened by his external inferiorities. He planted himself firmly on the proposition that character, intellect, integrity, ability are first considerations. When you have these, manner, clothes and all the rest may be sacrificed. The polish of diplomats, scholars, officers of army or navy, never weakened his grip when he came into contact with them. He took men for what they really were—quietly compelled them to take him in the same way.

But there are other tests for your gentleman. What does he do when men revile him, unjustly accuse, intrigue? Fly in a passion—return epithet for epithet—meet intrigue with intrigue? Not your gentleman!

His courtesy, which is in essence a sense of justice, truth, decency, carries him above the injustice, falsity, indecency, that may be heaped upon him.

Possibly no man was ever blackguarded as Lincoln in the White House—blackguarded at home and abroad. And how did he return it? One of the best observers of that day, a distinguished journalist, E. L. Godkin, who watched him in the troubled times of the Civil War, credits him with what he calls the "most necessary and aristocratic virtues, those of patience and self-control."

It was amazing how little malice Lincoln had. He was so big-hearted and big-minded that he realized that malice had nothing to do with the affairs he handled. This is being a real gentleman. He could be considerate of his worst enemy, the enemy that was at his hand, pretending to work with him and yet intriguing against him.

Lincoln was so shrewd that intriguers never long deceived him and yet so much of a gentleman that he treated them with invariable courtesy and respected them for the merits they had. In his judgmen, a gentleman must respect whatever is good even though he finds it mixed with what he knows to be evil. To give courtesy and consideration to those around him was his joy; to be courteous to a man who, like McClellan, insulted him; to be just to a man who, like Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury, intrigued incessantly against him, well, there you have a higher form of courtesy than most men ever reach.

A great gentleman—Abraham Lincoln—so great that externals fade out of sight when you look to the man within, and trace how through a long and active life of struggle, disappointment and agony of soul, he remained "lord of himself."

MEMORIAL DAY.

[Annette Wynne.]

Is it enough to think to-day
Of all our brave, then put away
The thought until a year has sped?
Is this full honor for our dead?

Is it enough to sing a song
And deck a grave; and all year long
Forget the brave who died that we
Might keep our great land proud and free?

Full service needs a greater toll—
That we who live give heart and soul
To keep the land they died to save,
And be ourselves, in turn, the brave!

RESIDENTS OF SPRINGFIELD WHO KNEW LINCOLN.

Standing, left to right—Isaac Diller, W. P. Thayer, Thomas Earnest, DeWitt Smith, George Brinkerhoff, and B. F. Talbott.
Sitting, left to right—Mrs. Mary F. Grimsley, Mrs. Lou R. Dodd, Mrs. Elizabeth Capps, Mrs. W. O. Converse, and Mrs. E. F. Gehlman.

—Underwood and Underwood.

Built by the boys in the State Training School, St. Charles.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

[Harrison D. Mason.]

A Silence there expectant, meaning,
And then a voice clear-pitched and tense;
A thousand hearers, forward-leaning,
Were in the thrall of eloquence.

He saw the graces of heroes sleeping,
He saw men's eyes suffused and dim;
A triumph great, a nation weeping,
Found true expression there in him.

Not often in a nation's story,
Such words supreme, such manhood fine;
He gave that day our grief and glory
The dignity of things divine.

Brief, so brief—the words were falling
Ere men had time to note and weigh;
As if again the gods were calling
From some Homeric yesterday.

No impulse, this, no actor speaking
Of thoughts which came by happy chance;
The man, the place, were God's own seeking;
The words are our inheritance.

A pause, a hush, a wonder growing;
A prophet's vision, understood;
In that strange spell of his bestowing,
They dreamed, with him, of Brotherhood.

Robert Todd Lincoln.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN BACK IN WASHINGTON.

Followed Grant's Army.

The martyred president's son was born in Springfield in 1843 and received his schooling at Phillips Exeter academy, the University of Illinois and Harvard Law school, graduating from the latter in 1864. He went directly from school to camp, receiving an officer's commission. General Grant made Lincoln a member of his staff while the army of the Potomac was campaigning in Virginia. The youth witnessed the fall of Petersburg with the capture of Lee's army and was present at Appomattox courthouse when the gallant southern leader surrendered his sword.

He accompanied General Grant back to Washington on April 14, 1865 and was present at Ford's theatre the next night when his father was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth.

Mr. Lincoln's political activities, power and prestige of his father, have been very limited, in view of the name. He made one of his few political speeches for James G. Blaine and supported the third term movement in 1880 for his commander and fellow Illinoisian, Ulysses S. Grant.

Saw Martyred Presidents Die.

In that year, by a coincidence, both Robert Todd Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, jr., were delegates at the Republican national convention, young Douglas having turned from the political faith of his noted father.

It has fallen to Mr. Lincoln's lot to be close at hand when all three of the country's martyred presidents met death. He saw his own father die, and was summoned to the railroad station here by President Garfield, whose war secretary he was, on the fateful morning when Giteau's bullet found its mark, arriving there just after the shot had been fired. On the day of the McKinley assassination, he arrived in Buffalo with Mrs. Lincoln a short time before the event and was near the exposition building when Czolgosz fired.

When the Lincoln memorial was dedicated here, Robert T. Lincoln did not attend as a guest of honor, as he had been asked to, but sat with other special guests near the rostrum. He has never added to the store of memoirs concerning his father either by spoken or written word, although he has maintained a constant interest in all works on the subject of Abraham Lincoln and has offered occasional criticisms—*Illinois State Journal,* 1925.

Robert T. Lincoln's Death.

Mr. Lincoln was found dead in his bed at his summer home, Hildene, Manchester, Vermont, July 26, 1926. He had not been in good health for several months. When the servants went to his room at nine o'clock in the morning, as was the custom, they found his lifeless body. The attending physician said, upon examination, that death had occurred several hours earlier.

Mr. Lincoln served his country in a very distinguished way in the capacity of Secretary of War under two presidents and for a number of years was United States Minister to Great Britain.

—Underwood and Underwood.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR OF THE WORLD WAR.

[John R. Rathom.]

The unknown dead? Not so; we know him well,
Who died for us on that red soil of France.
Who faced the fearful shock of gas and shell,
And laughed at death in some blood-strewn advance.

Nameless, in truth, but crowned with such a name
As glory gives to those who greatly die;
Who marched, a simple soldier, with the flame
Of duty bidding him to Calvary.

He is all brothers dead, all lovers lost,
All sons and comrades resting over there;
The symbol of the Knightly, fallen host,
The sacred pledge of burdens yet to bear.

Mangled and torn, for whom we pray to-day,
Whose soul rose grandly to God's peaceful throne,
Leaving to us this quiet, shattered clay
Silent, and still:—unnamed,—but not unknown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Anthology of Lincoln.)

[Minna Irving.]

A beacon on the mountain height
Where Freedom waves her banner bright,
A clear, serene and steady light.

A hand that reaches from the dust
And writes for us in God to trust,
And be both merciful and just.

A soul that lives to cheer and bless
The student in his loneliness
And point the pathway to success.

A spirit humble, yet divine,
That poured its essence superfine
Unstintedly at Freedom's shrine.

A broad humanity to all
A love embracing great and small,
A sword, a flame, a bugle call.

A heart of faith inviolate.
A voice immortal in debate,
A lighthouse to the ship of state.

A name undimmed as years go by,
A glory that will never die,
A star eternal in the sky.

His natal day from sea to sea,
Lord God, we render thanks to Thee
For Lincoln and his memory.

—Underwood and Underwood.

Boy Scouts marking the graves of the soldiers.

DECORATING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

[Minot J. Savage.]

A silent bivouac of the dead, we say,
    While on the low green tents we lay our flowers,
And with soft tread we take our reverent way
    Past where each seems to sleep away the hours.

A silent bivouac? Nay, they sleep not here:
    They have passed on; and, gleaming bright ahead,
Their camp-fires on yon heights of truth appear,
    Lighting the way that coming feet shall tread.

Their shot-torn flags still wave upon the air,
    There where some new heroic deed is done;
And, echoing loud, their shout still ringeth where
    Some new field waits, by brave hearts to be won.

The brave die never, though they sleep in dust;
    Their courage nerves a thousand living men,
Who seize and carry on the sacred trust,
    And win their noble victories o'er again.

Their graves are cradles of the purpose high
    That led them on the weary march, and through
The battles where the dying do not die,
    But live forever in the deeds they do.

And from these cradles rise the coming years,—
    The dead souls resurrected,—still to keep
The memory of those times of blood and tears,
    And carry on the work of those who sleep.

And thus the silent bivouac of the dead
    Finds voice, and thrills with throbbing life today;
And we, who softly by their green tents tread,
    Will hear and heed the noble words they say.

Wm. H. Hatch.

WILLIAM H. HATCH—SOLDIER AND EDUCATOR.

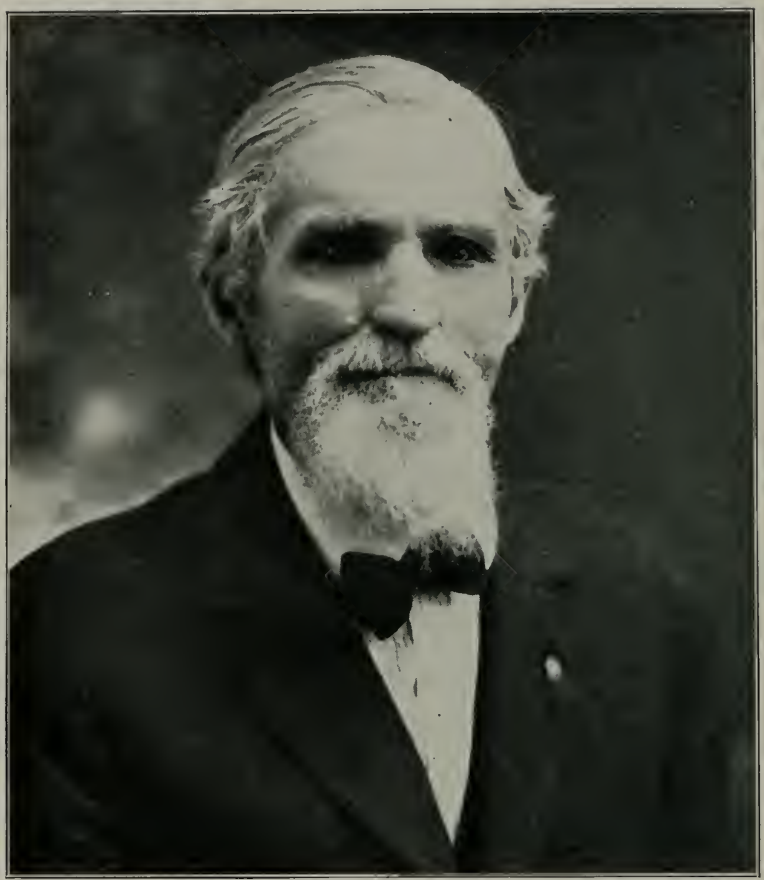
[WALTER D. HERRICK.]

Mr. Hatch was born October 8, 1845, in Indianapolis. His family moved to Minneapolis where he attended the public schools. When still a boy he learned the trade of his father, a printer, and was so proficient that his father said that William had not cost him a cent. On August 25, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the 10th Battery of the Wisconsin Light Artillery. He participated in important engagements and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. He was mustered out June 7, 1865. At the time of his death he was a member of Phil Sheridan Post, G. A. R. of Oak Park, Illinois. After the war he completed his high school education at Minneapolis, then obtained a position in the Minneapolis public schools, later taught at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and then for a time engaged in business. The teacher instinct prompted a return to the schoolroom, and he accepted a position in the high school at Rock Island, following which he became Superintendent of Schools in Moline. After four years there he resigned to accept a like office in Oak Park, which he held for twenty-five years. Retiring in 1917 to a country home in Rockford, Minnesota, he enjoyed there, with his immediate family, well-earned relief from the active demands of his profession. Mrs. Hatch, to whom he was devoted through a long and happy married life, died in August, 1925, and he on December 26, 1926.

This formal sketch of Mr. Hatch's life gives little clew to the man himself. His character and achievement are best evidenced by the love and esteem in which he was held by the pupils, parents and teachers in the community which he served for a full quarter of a century. Therefore, let them speak. Said a pupil: "I just love Mr. Hatch." Said a mother: "His face itself is a benediction. His presence in the schoolroom, especially when he gives his illustrated Christmas story of the Christ Child must have an uplifting influence upon the children." Said a father: "Mr. Hatch's greatest asset as an educator was his capacity to select, hold and inspire good teachers. No man in the twenty-five years of his service to Oak Park has done more for the community than he." Said a principal: "To the principals he was a constant inspiration. I would have left the teaching profession many years ago, had it not been for Mr. Hatch." Said a teacher: "He made us feel that he had perfect faith in us, and so stimulated and inspired us by his own wonderful personality that we felt that we *must* live up to his expectations. He made each teacher feel that she was not part of a system, but his personal friend and co-worker in the most important work in the world."

Mr. Hatch had no children, but claimed all of the school-children as his own.

The William H. Hatch School in Oak Park stands as a fitting and enduring monument to his contribution to that community.



Captain F. L. Fergerson.

Captain Frank L. Fergerson, a veteran of the Civil War, was born in Tennessee in 1842. He has lived in Illinois practically his entire life. He enlisted in the military service as a private in 1861 and was mustered out as a captain in 1865. He is commander of the G. A. R. Post at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, a position which he has held for the last four years. He has spoken at the funerals of twenty of his old comrades in the last six years.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER.

[ANON.]

An old man going a-down Life's highway
Came at evening, cold and gray
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim—
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But turned when he reached the farther side,
To build a bridge across the tide.

"Old man," quoth a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength in building here;
You never again will come this way,
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You have crossed the river deep and wide
Why build a bridge across the tide?"

"Good friend, in the path I have come this day,
There followeth after me, they say,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream, which hath no fears for me,
To that fair boy may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
I am building this bridge, my friend, for him."

ARMISTICE DAY PRAYER.

[REBECCA H. KAUFFMAN.]

True as the forget-me-not blue,
Steady as the stars in heaven,
Today our hearts we pledge anew,
On this World's Memorial Day.

A prayer, not for those who fell,
They have ended all earthy needs;
They have fought a great fight, and well,
And hiked the hard, last step—

Our prayer is for the troubled,
Left to suffer disease and pain,
That Blessings upon them be shed,
That their lives restful and sunny be!

And another prayer we say,—
In spirit deep, loyal, devout,
On this welcomed Armistice Day:—
That nevermore, while the Earth rolls,

Shall patriotic Youth be called to go
And sacrifice themselves, their all,
In such great disaster and woe!—
That the World ever at Peace may stay!

—Underwood and Underwood.

The dedication of Soldiers Field, formerly Grant Park Stadium, Chicago.

—Underwood and Underwood.

Parade of the Boy Scouts.

The American Legion parade.

BANNER OF BEAUTY.

[Jules Jordan.]

Banner of beauty, emblem of might,
Ensign of freedom that gladdens the sight,
See! we would fashion a song in thy praise,
Would in its measures our voices upraise.
O for a melody limpid and pure,
With harmonies fraught; a song to endure.
Fashion it boldly with ardor aflame—
Exalting the flag and enhancing its fame.

Who would molest thee, bid him beware;
Let him be outcast who reckless would dare;
Planted by freemen forever to wave,
Freemen shall guard thee, thou flag of the brave.
Now for a melody limpid and pure,
With harmonies fraught, a song to endure,
Fashioned so boldly with ardor aflame—
Exalting the flag and enhancing its fame.

AMERICA'S ANSWER.

[R. W. Lillard.]

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing over head,
Where once his own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

LIBRARY U. OF I. URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Boy Scouts.

THE RIGHT KIND OF AMERICAN.

[Theodore Roosevelt.]

"What we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow to be the kind of man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

AMERICA, I CAN.

[Ida Flood Dodge.]

Out from the human, seething mass
Off Ellis Island's gate I come;
A pilgrim groping in the night
Of foreign tongues,
A pilgrim searching for the light
Released from wrongs,
Released from fears,
That selfish kings, through countless years
Have heaped upon the land
I loved, and once called home.

Out from a land despoiled
I come.
Oh teach me thy great Nation's plan
To live, a true American.
I can, O Starry Flag, I can.

Out from a long distinguished line
Of noble patriots I come;
A citizen by right of birth,
A free-born son,
Inheriting the smiles of earth
That have been won
Through strength and prayer,
Through tears and sacrificial care,
Through loss of all the heart holds dear,
That this might be my home.

From such inheritance
I come.
Oh teach me now my Nation's plan
To live, a true American.
I can, O Starry Flag, I can.

DECORATION.

[Thomas Wentworth Higginson.]

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead.

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

THE SINGING SOLDIER BOY.

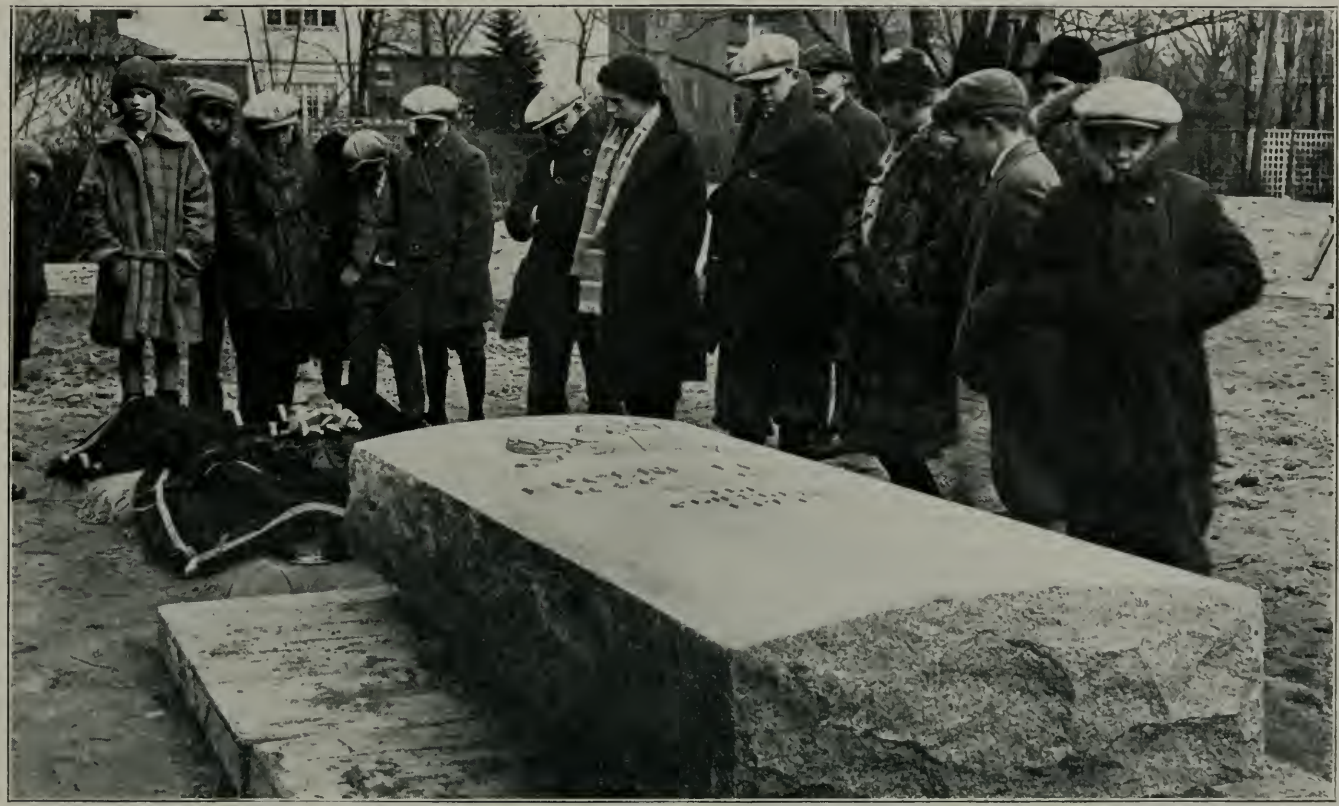
[Cora Hardy Jarrett.]

Someone met a soldier singing
On a lonely way.
High and clear the notes were ringing,
For the song was gay.
Hearers marveled (says the story)
At its gallant tone,
For he sang of love and glory,
Marching all alone.

"Friend", they said, "the world grows older
Every day and night,
And the burden on your shoulder
Seemeth far from light;
Yet your step is light and ringing
Marching all alone,
And you march to martial singing,
No one's but your own."

"Nay," he answered, "there are swinging
Footsteps at my side;
Every wind a song is bringing,
Swinging to our stride,
Comrades keep in step together
Half the world apart;
What's a thousand miles of weather
To the singing heart?"

So (they say) as eve grew older
Passed he from their sight,
With the burden on his shoulder
Toward the sunset light,
Singing passed into the boundless
Silence of the sinking day,
Keeping step with footsteps soundless,
Half a world away.



—Underwood and Underwood.

Monument at the grave of Eugene Field.

DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y-day to me,
It 'pears—like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They say, though, Decoration Days is ginerly observed
'Most ev'rywhares, espeshally by soldier boys that's served;
But me and mother never went, we seldom git away,
In pint o'fact we're allus home on Decoration Day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' on the band,
And citizens all jinin' in, and little children, too,
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White and Blue.

With roses! roses! roses! everybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jes' fairly loaded down!
Oh don't The Boys know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see they're com'ards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jist to say
They know that every day on earth's their Decoration Day?

We've tried that—me and Mother—where Elias takes his rest,
In the orchud, in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast,
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-rippin' in the breeze
Above his grave—and over that—the robin in the trees!

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome! It's a Sund'y-day, to me,
It 'pears, like, more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On every Soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

HOW WE CAME TO HAVE A CONSTITUTION.

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States.—*Preamble of Constitution of the United States.*

The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.—*William E. Gladstone.*

What is a constitution? What is the Constitution of the United States? These are probably the first questions that come to your mind. A national constitution is a set of rules which outlines the way a government is to be organized and carried on. It shows what powers are to be given to the government and what rights are to be made safe for the people. A constitution is sometimes spoken of as the fundamental law of the land. That is to say that it is the highest law and no legislation can be passed by Congress which is in conflict with it. The constitution is to our government what the Bible is to Christianity.

All the countries of the old world have had to go through a long period of struggle in order to secure some sort of constitution. The people of America have been governed either as colonies or as a nation by constitutions or charters from the very beginning. It is easy to understand, however, that we were helped by all these previous struggles for agreements about the powers of the rulers and the rights of the rules. We were fortunate in that our country was founded comparatively late in the world's history, and fortunate, too, in that most of our early colonists came from a country that had gone farther along the road to popular government than any other.

In the days before 1787, when there was yet no national constitution, this country was made up of thirteen separate colonies or states. These colonies were founded in different ways. Some were founded for business reasons, so that there might be profitable trade built up between the home country and the new world. Others were founded by people whose chief interest was in religion and religious freedom. There were still others that were backed by wealthy men who obtained thousands of acres of land from the English king. Each colony had its own special reason for being in existence and there was almost no common interest among them. The people could not travel very much in those days and so each colony went its own way, knowing very little about what its neighbors were doing. Like most of us, each colony was more interested in its own affairs than in anything else. The only time they thought about getting together was when some danger threatened.

There was an early uniting of four New England settlements to guard against Indian attack. When this danger was gone these settlements drifted apart again. Other attempts were made at various times up to about 1700, but nothing came of them. Another fifty years rolled by and a detailed plan of getting together was drawn up by what is known as the Albany Congress, but this failed.

When trouble started with the mother country—England—over taxing the colonies without giving them any representation in parliament, they began to realize that here was a big problem for all alike. If they resisted these taxes as individual colonies, they would be forced to yield one by one. So an invitation came from Massachusetts, asking the other colonies to send delegates to a general meeting, which is now known as the Stamp Act Congress. This congress did not accomplish anything very definite except to draw up a Declaration of Rights. Its greatest service lay in the fact that it united the colonies in a common cause.

Nine years later laws were passed by the English Parliament which suspended the charter of the Massachusetts colony and inflicted other punishments upon the people. These laws were penalties for the destruction

by the Boston colonists of a shipload of tea. The interests of all the colonies were involved in this affair, because, if Parliament could set aside the constitution of one colony, it could set aside all colonial constitutions. General sympathy was aroused by the sufferings of the people of Boston and the First Continental Congress was called in 1774. Soon after the outbreak of fighting the next year, a second Continental Congress found it necessary to take charge of the general defense of the colonies. This Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence and later the Articles of Confederation.

The Declaration of Independence definitely turned the colonies adrift from Great Britain, and as a result there was more need than ever for a union among them. Articles of union were accordingly drawn up and adopted in November 15, 1777. Under these articles, known as the Articles of Confederation, a feeble sort of government was arranged. Under this government, which was sort of a league of states, the War for Independence was finished.

The crisis of the war held the colonies together under these Articles, but when the struggle was ended and independence had been won, they started breaking away again. The future looked dark and the great George Washington was grieved to "view the clouds that have spread over the brightest morn that ever dawned on any country." Finally a convention was called to consider changes in the weak sort of general government that they had been working under. It was a hard task to persuade the states to make such a move as this towards unity, but after discouraging delays twelve of the states finally sent delegates. The result was the Constitutional Convention of 1787, out of which came the great plan of government that we know as the Constitution of the United States.

In this Convention fifty-five of the ablest men from the thirteen colonies stayed at the task of creating a worthy government, for four long months—from May to September. The plan was to amend the Articles of Confederation, but it was soon found that no patchwork arrangement would do. It was, therefore, decided to go ahead with the preparation of an entirely new constitution.

Among all the delegates who went in and out of the old brick state house in Philadelphia, day after day, no one equalled James Madison of Virginia in the matter of active helpfulness. He fully earned the title of "Father of the Constitution," which we now give him. Before the Constitution met, Madison had prepared a proposed outline of the Constitution and had laid it before the other members from Virginia. This outline, known as the "Virginia plan," provided for a national government with three distinct branches. There was to be a legislative department to make the laws, an executive department to enforce the laws, and a judicial department to interpret them. This plan also made two complete systems of law, one for the state and the other for the nation. Such were the general features of the plan finally adopted, although many difficulties were met along the way. The delegates had many differences of opinion and many concessions had to be made.

The detailed story of all the hard work necessary to bring the new Constitution to completion and of the fight to secure its adoption by the various states is an interesting one but cannot be told here. You understand, at least, something of the way in which we came to have a constitution. Perhaps you do not know that *it is the oldest written constitution in actual use*. What the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, thought of it is set forth at the head of this chapter. It was the most democratic achievement of all history at the time of its adoption. Think how our country has changed and then marvel that this Constitution still works! When it was written, there were in America about three million people, largely rural in interests, living in a territory of about one hundred thousand square miles. It is now the trusted instrument of government of more than one hundred and ten million people who dwell throughout three and three-quarter million square miles of territory.

It is simply written and can be read in a half hour. It richly deserves the world's regard for it as a model charter of democracy. Every true American ought to appreciate and be thankful for this gift of the fathers of his country.

NATIONAL PATRIOTIC SONGS.

(Song forbids victorious deeds to die.)—*Schiller.*

It would be a strange nation which could not express its national feeling and its patriotism in song. One cannot be a true citizen of his country without wanting to know something about the songs that inspire us and lift us up and that fire us with loyalty. All of us ought to know the words of all, or at least two or three, of the songs that you will read about in this chapter. If asked to name our national song, some of you would say, "The Star Spangled Banner," and some would say, "America." The fact is that "The Star Spangled Banner" is the national air in the army and navy and is so accepted by practically the entire country. "America" is next to it in significance and it is now customary for an audience to stand during the singing of either.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written during the Civil War, by Julia Ward Howe. In December, 1861, Mrs. Howe and her husband, with a party of friends, made a visit to Washington. Everything about the city gave signs of war. The railroads were guarded, the streets were full of soldiers, and all about could be seen the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps.

One day the party drove out some distance from the city to witness a military review, and were surprised by a confederate raid. For some moments there was wild excitement as it was feared their retreat would be cut off. When at last the carriage containing the party of spectators was turned towards Washington, it was driven very slowly, with an armed escort on either side, while the ladies sang "John Brown's Body" in brave defiance of their late alarm.

The grand, ringing tune deserved noble words and inspired Mrs. Howe to wish that she might write them. She was so impressed with the song that her wish must have followed her in her dreams that night. She awoke in the early morning with the verses spinning themselves in her mind. Fearing to lose them, should she fall asleep again, she arose and in the uncertain morning light scribbled them off, not looking at what she had written. She returned to bed and fell asleep, little thinking that the almost illegible scrawl was to be the great hymn of the war.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, who lived in the years 1780-1843. The story of how this song came to be written is familiar to most young people. Francis Scott Key was a lawyer and was serving as district attorney for the District of Columbia. In 1814, during our second war with Great Britain, he went to the British fleet, under a flag of truce, to see about securing the release of a friend who had been captured by the enemy. The attack on Fort McHenry, the fort defending Baltimore, was about to begin and he was detained on board one of the British ships. The fight which he watched during that September night filled him with anxiety. His lines are, therefore, lines of real feeling coming out of actual experience and are not words of mere fancy or poetic sentiment. The warm breath of patriotism is in this song. Mr. Key describes what he actually saw in the dim light of early dawn, and tells how he felt when he could not see the flag waving on account of the smoke of the battle. He tells, in words that come from the heart, how he felt when the battle was over and victory was won. These verses were written on the very morning to which the opening lines refer.

This song was first published on September 21, 1814, in a Baltimore newspaper. The story is that it was sung for the first time in a little frame building, a coffee-house, standing next to a theater, a favorite gathering place for players. A man named Ferdinand Durang mounted a chair and sang the song to the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven." The others present joined heartily in the chorus. This stirring song has held popular interest from that day to this. It is today the favorite heroic song of America. Its lines are vivid and moving, as the following verse reveals:

Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

AMERICA.

"America" was written by a Baptist minister, Rev. S. F. Smith, of Newton Centre, Massachusetts. Rev. Smith was a Harvard graduate, being in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Following his graduation from Harvard in 1829 he attended Andover Theological Seminary. It was while he was a student at this Seminary that he wrote "America."

Lowell Mason, a musician, was a friend of his and came to him one day with a lot of German music books which he had received as a gift. Since Mr. Mason could not read German, he asked Dr. Smith to translate some of the songs. Dr. Smith writes of the event in these words: "Turning over the leaves of this book one gloomy day in February 1832, I came across the air, 'God Save the King'. I liked the music. I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour 'America' was the result. It was written on a scrap of paper I picked up from the table and the hymn of today is substantially as it was written that day." The young student had no idea at the time how much he had done for his country.

The hymn was first used at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Boston, with surprising results. The stirring lines leaped like wild fire from lip to lip and from heart to heart, all over the city of Boston, and thence all over America. This song has been sung in every country in the world, and from the highest peak above the clouds in the Rocky Mountains. Its words have been chanted in the seven seas from the decks of our ships and war vessels. It has been sung by all the school children in our broad land—millions and millions of them. Its words breathe forth a pure love for God and our country and fill the soul with patriotic devotion:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
  Let freedom ring!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

This hymn is known as the "army and navy song" because it is adapted to reunions of these two branches of the service. The text of this song was written by Thomas A. Becket, at the request of David A. Shaw, an actor, for use at a benefit performance. The original title was "Columbia, the Land of the Brave". The melody has been claimed to be of English origin, being taken from the song, "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." This hymn was sung for the first time in 1843 at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Later the text of the song was rearranged by the author and the present beginning and ending were added:

Oh Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue!

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue!

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May thy service, united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

The latest of the list of songs which may properly be regarded as of national patriotic appeal is "America, the Beautiful", written in 1893 by Katherine Lee Bates. Miss Bates is the author of several juvenile books, as well as a considerable amount of more serious prose and poetry. The words of this song were written upon her return from her first trip to the summit of Pike's Peak. If you could stand on this lofty summit, with clouds and "spacious skies" about you and with glimpses of "purple mountains" on one hand and far vistas of lower hills and valleys on the other, you would understand better Miss Bates' inspiration.

The verses of this song were first printed in a magazine on July 4, 1895, and were soon afterwards set to music. They have been sung to numerous tunes, but the one by Samuel A. Ward, known as "Materna", is the best liked and the one most often used.

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Oh beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassion'd stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes prov'd
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

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